I have written too much. Ah, what sufferin oppression! I feel at the left end of the stoma< that is unbearable. — You ought to marry Marry an Englishwoman, her ice-cold blood will the fire that devours you; you will become less < — Give me the potion!

19th. You are not mistaken, my friends, I 2 to-day; but none the less I feel the end draw When I am dead you will all have the sweet tion of returning to Europe. You will see your your friends there, while I shall meet the bra Elysian Fields. I will relate the last events o to them.

21st. I was born in the Catholic faith, I wisl out the duties it imposes and to receive the com gives.

24th. I have written too much, doctor; I am < I can't go on.

«5th. (To M. Lafitte.) Monsieur Lafitte: you, in 1815, as I was leaving Paris, a sum of si for which you gave me a duplicate receipt; I celled one, and I charge Count Montholon to p other to you, in order that you may hand the s£ him after my death.

Aff<vr tntr /l/>i»tl"t txrhiAta r»*mnnt HP- f*tr *c*